

CRIME
AND
JUSTICE

CRIME and JUSTICE

10¢ NO. 6
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CRIME FACTS

COUNTERFEITING



COUNTERFEITING IN OLDEN TIMES WAS PUNISHABLE BY DEATH. COUNTERFEITERS WERE ROUNDED UP PERIODICALLY IN OLD LONDON, DRIVEN THROUGH THE STREETS TO THE EXECUTION PLACE THERE TO BE HANGED IN FULL VIEW OF THE MULTITUDE. ON SOME OF OUR OWN EARLY CURRENCY WAS STAMPED "TIS DEATH TO COUNTERFEIT."



IN COUNTERFEITING SILVER MONEY, THE ILLICIT COINERS' GREATEST BARRIER IS THE "REDED" OR CORRUGATED EDGE OF THE COIN. NO COUNTERFEITER HAS BEEN ABLE TO REPRODUCE THE SHARP EDGES SO CHARACTERISTIC OF THE COINS MADE BY UNCLE SAM.



THE "PASSER" IS THE PERSON WHO BUYS THE PHONEY MONEY FROM THE COUNTERFEITER AND PASSES OR GETS RID OF IT BY MAKING SMALL PURCHASES AND RECEIVING THEIR CHANGE IN LEGITIMATE GOVERNMENT MONEY.

AMONG THE ROYAL COUNTERFEITERS WAS FREDERICK THE GREAT. DURING THE SEVEN YEARS WAR, THE KING CALLED IN A COINER NAMED EPHRAIM AND COMMANDED HIM TO COUNTERFEIT THE SILVER THALER THEN IN USE. THE SPURIOUS COINS WERE COPPER, THINLY COATED WITH SILVER. WHEN THE CRISIS HAD PASSED, HE RESTORED THE HONEST SILVER THALER.



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A
MR. AND MRS. CHASE
NOVELETTE

THE FLOWING GRACE AND SUBTLE BEAUTY OF DANCING CAN DREAMILY TRANSFER ONE INTO ANOTHER WORLD... AND IRONICALLY, FOR THE "SHOW-WORLD" PEOPLE OF NEW ORLEANS, IT DID! THEY LIVED IN CONSTANT FEAR... NOT KNOWING IF THEY'D BE THE NEXT VICTIMS OF...

The DANCE-TEAM KILLER!

MR. CHASE.. I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT WE ARE COMPLETELY LOST!

DARLING, I'M INCLINED TO AGREE WITH YOU! HO! THERE COMES SOMEONE OUT OF THAT CLUB. I'LL STOP AND ASK DIRECTIONS BACK INTO NEW ORLEANS!



SAY, FELLOW.. CAN YOU DIRECT ME BACK INTO THE CITY?

SURE... BUDDY?

OH!



NOW GET YOUR HUBBY OUT, LADY.. I'M TAKIN' THE CAR! QUICK, NOW!



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GET HIM!

STOP THAT GUY!

OOH! MY HEAD!

THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT INTO THE NIGHT CLUB, DEAR? WE'LL GET THAT CUT CLEANED UP!

MON DIEU! THAT CRAZY ONE.. HE HAS SHOOT YOU, TOO? THE AMBULANCE AND POLICE WILL BE HERE SHORTLY. SIT DOWN, PLEASE.

NO.. HE DIDN'T SHOOT ME. JUST USED A LITTLE FORCEFUL ACTION. BUT.. WHAT ABOUT THIS OTHER PERSON HE SHOT?

OH, MY BUSINESS! OH, SUCH SCANDAL!

CURT.. SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER CASE ON YOUR HANDS!



IN ONE OF THE CLUB'S DRESSING ROOMS...

THIS IS MIMI AND CARLO. THEY HAVE JUST COME ON STAGE WHEN.. PAM!

OH! MY REPUTATION!

PLEASE, JACQUES... CARLO.. CARLO WILL NOT BE.. NEEDING THE.. AMBULANCE.



TELL ME.. WAS THERE REASON FOR SOME-ONE SHOOTING HIM? WHAT DID THE KILLER LOOK LIKE?

AS FAR AS WE KNEW, WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY ENEMIES! WE'RE THE SECOND TEAM TO BE VICTIMIZED.. AND NO ONE KNOWS WHAT THE KILLER LOOKS LIKE!

THE POLICE ARRIVED AND QUESTIONED EVERYONE, BUT THE AUDIENCE HAD BEEN SO SHOCKED BY THE INCIDENT, THAT THEY DIDN'T NOTICE ANYTHING MORE THAN THE FALLEN FIGURE UNDER THE SPOTLIGHT...



.. AND WE'LL NOTIFY YOU AS SOON AS WE RECOVER YOUR CAR, MR. CHASE.

THANK YOU, INSPECTOR. LET'S GET A TAXI BACK TO THE HOTEL, MERRY.



SAY, MERRY, AREN'T YOUR OLD COLLEGE FRIENDS, RICK AND JEAN RENAULT APPEARING IN SOME NIGHT CLUB HERE IN NEW ORLEANS?

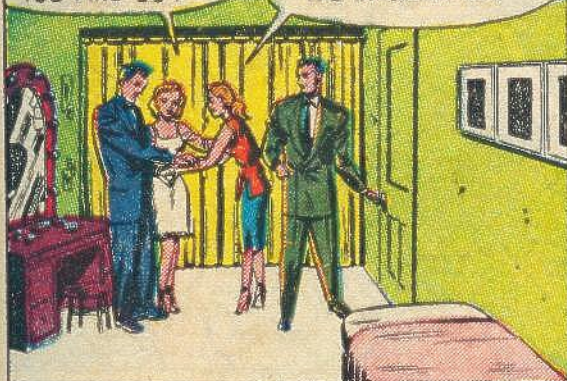
COME TO THINK OF IT, YES? LET'S LOOK THEM UP TO-MORROW.

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NEXT EVENING IN A DRESSING ROOM AT LE CHAT BLANC NIGHT CLUB...

WHY, MERRY CURT!
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU
AGAIN! HOW DID
YOU FIND US?

CURT CALLED UP
THE LOCAL NEWSPAPERS
AND THEY GAVE US ALL
THE INFORMATION



OUR CAR WAS STOLEN LAST
NIGHT AND WAS JUST FOUND,
SO WE DECIDED
TO DROP
IN ON OUR
WAY DOWN
TO POLICE
HEAD-
QUARTERS.

CURT IS
GRADUALLY FALL-
ING INTO THESE
DANCE TEAM
MURDERS CASE...
AND THIS IS
SUPPOSED TO
BE OUR VA-
CATION!

OH, AREN'T
THOSE MURDERS
AWFUL? AND
THE POLICE
DON'T SEEM
TO BE DOING
A THING ABOUT
THEM?

PLEASE,
JEAN, LET'S
NOT EVEN
TALK
ABOUT IT!



**LATER AS CURT AND MERRY LEAVE THROUGH
THE BACK DOOR OF THE NIGHT CLUB**



EVIDENTLY SOMEONE
IN NEW ORLEANS DOESN'T
LIKE US!

OR ELSE WE
WERE MISTAKEN
FOR SOMEBODY
ELSE, CURT!
WE DO RE-
SEMBLE RICK
AND JEAN!



PLEASE, CURT... DON'T
CHASE HIM! LET'S JUST
GET ON DOWN TO
POLICE HEADQUARTERS,
REPORT THIS SHOOTING,
AND PICK UP OUR
CAR!

ALL RIGHT, MRS.
CHASE. I WON'T GET
MYSELF MIXED UP
IN THIS. WE'LL
JUST CONTINUE OUR
VACATION AS IF
NOTHING HAD
HAPPENED!

WELL, MR CHASE, WE
COULDN'T FIND ONE
FINGERPRINT ON THE
CAR.. BUT IF IT WEREN'T
BECAUSE IT'S A CUSTOM
MADE JOB AND SPOTTED
SO EASILY, YOU MIGHT NOT
HAVE GOTTEN IT BACK SO
QUICKLY! AND IT'S NO
DOUBT IT WAS THE DANCE
TEAM KILLER!

HMM.. THIS IS IRK-
ING ME NO END NOW!
MERRY, I THINK
FATE IS FORCING
US INTO THIS CASE!



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AND AS CURT AND MERRY DESCEND THE HOTEL STAIRS TO THE STREET, A FURTIVE FIGURE PRYS AT A CORNER STONE ON THE HOTEL ROOF...



UNTIL THE MORTAR AROUND IT HAS CRUMBLLED...

HE THEN EASES THE HEAVY STONE TO THE VERY EDGE AND WAITS.



INCIDENTALLY, MR CHASE... DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT THE ONE WHO FIRED AT US MAY NOT BE THE DANCE TEAM KILLER.. BUT SOME LONG LOST ENEMY?

I DON'T SEE WHERE YOU EVER GOT THAT IDEA, DARLING! WE DON'T HAVE AN ENEMY IN THE WORLD!



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REENLY ALERT AS RICK AND JEAN CAME ON STAGE, CURT SPOTTED THE FLASH OF THE GUN AS IT WAS FIRED AND BOUNDED AFTER THE ESCAPING KILLER...



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AS MERRY AND CURT APPEAR ON STAGE AMID A WAVE OF APPLAUSE, CURT CATCHES THE GLINT OF A RAISED GUN!

THE NEXT EVENING AT LE CHAT BLANC CURT AND MERRY PUT ON HEAVY MAKE-UP SO THEIR IDENTITY WOULD NOT BE DISCOVERED...



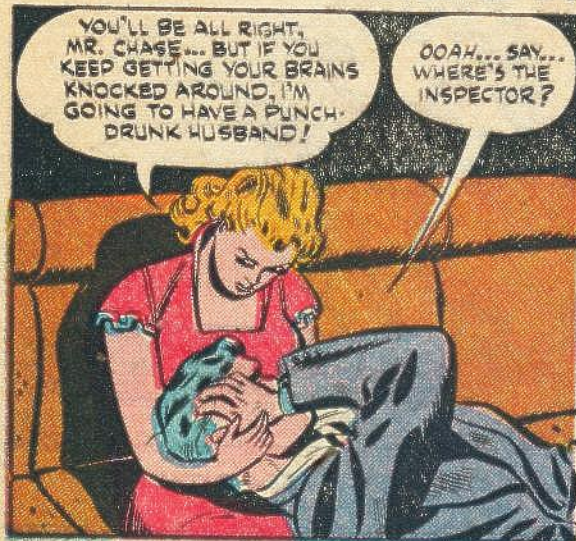
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BUT SUDDENLY FROM BEHIND COMES MERRY'S ANXIOUS VOICE...



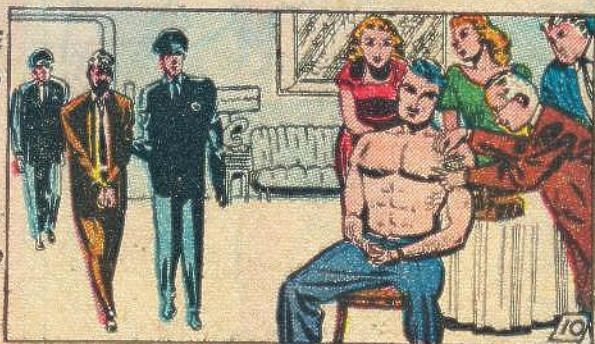
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NEXT NIGHT, AFTER MERRY AND CURT CHASE APPEAR ON STAGE AS RICK AND JEAN...



THE POLICE ESCORT THE KILLER TO THE LOUNGE OF THE CLUB... CURT'S WOUND IS BEING ATTENDED TO...



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WHY... WHY... IT'S MAURICE FRONTENAC! HE DANCED WITH COLLETTE MAROIS... UNTIL...



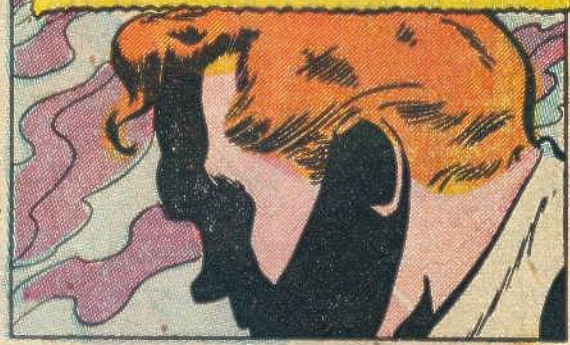
YES... UNTIL A FEW OF MY DANCING "FRIENDS" DECIDED TO GIVE US A PRE-WEDDING PARTY WHICH IS WHERE I BECAME PARTLY BLINDED... BECAUSE DURING THE PARTY...



GO ON, MAURICE... KISS YOUR FUTURE BRIDE!



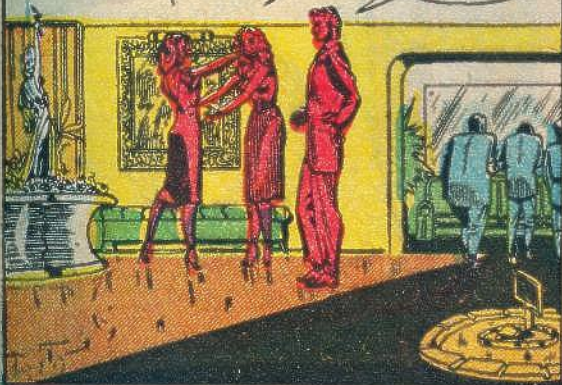
I NEVER DID KISS HER THAT NIGHT... OR ANY OTHER NIGHT. I KNOCKED OVER THE CANDLE-ABRA... THE PLACE WAS A FIRE TRAP... COLLETTE DIED FROM BURNS, AND I HAD TO HAVE MY LEG AMPUTATED. EVERYONE ELSE GOT OUT ALL RIGHT... EXCEPT COLLETTE AND I... SO I SWORE THAT NONE OF THE DANCERS THAT ATTENDED THAT PARTY WOULD DANCE AGAIN!



OH, MERRY! THE HOSPITAL JUST CALLED UP. RICK WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

WONDERFUL!

GUESS THAT WINDS UP OUR VACATION.

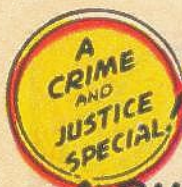


BUT WHY DON'T YOU STAY FOR THE MARDI GRAS? THERE'LL BE PARADES, AND DANCING...

HOLD IT! HOLD IT! DON'T EVEN MENTION THAT WORD! I'M GOING TO FIND MYSELF A NICE, QUIET LITTLE ISLAND... WITH NOT EVEN NATIVE DANCERS!



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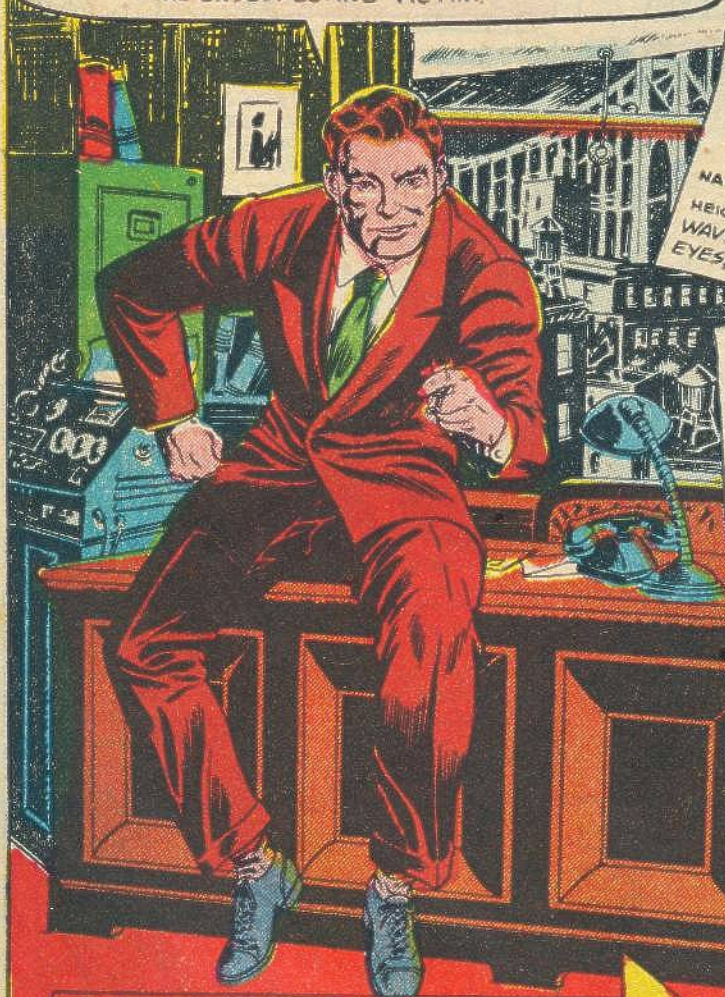


The **OPTION SWINDLE**

A RUTHLESS SCHEMING GANG EXPOSED!!!

ONE OF THE BEST WAYS TO FIGHT THE MODERN DAY SWINDLER IS BY GIVING THE PUBLIC INFORMATION ABOUT HIS TECHNIQUES. PUBLICITY IS THE EQUIVALENT OF A DEATH WARRANT TO THIS TYPE OF CROOK. ANYONE WOULD HAVE FALLEN FOR THE TECHNIQUE USED BY JOE JOSEPHS, JACK WOOD, AND THOMAS DURANT. COULD THEY HAVE TAKEN YOUR MONEY PERCHANCE....?

I AM JOHN R. BORROUGHS, DIRECTOR OF FEDERAL ANTI-SWINDLE BUREAU IN WASHINGTON. IT IS GENERALLY CALLED THE F.A.S.B. OUR JURISDICTION COVERS THE ENTIRE UNITED STATES. TODAY I AM GOING TO GIVE YOU THE FACTS ABOUT THE OPTION SWINDLE AND HOW IT IS WORKED ON THE UNSUSPECTING VICTIM!



WANTED



NAME.. JOE JOSEPHS
HEIGHT.. 5 FT 8 IN.
WAVY BLOND HAIR, BLUE
EYES, SCAR ABOVE LEFT EYE

WANTED



NAME.. JACK WOOD
HEIGHT.. 6 FT. 1 IN.
BROAD SHOULDERS, GREY HAIR,
BROWN EYES, LONG NOSE.

WANTED



NAME.. THOMAS DURANT
HEIGHT.. 5 FT 10 IN.
THIN BLACK HAIR, HIGH FOREHEAD,
GENERALLY WEARS GLASSES,
PROTRUDING TEETH.

THESE MEN ARE WANTED BY THE F.A.S.B.

TYLER
+
FORGIONE

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I GOT ALL THE DOPE ON TOM RITTE. HE HAS ABOUT \$30,000 IN CASH. FEW FRIENDS AND NO RELATIVES!

I LEASED THE LAND NEXT TO HIS, SO WE CAN START NOW TO MOVE THE STUFF OUT HERE!



IT WILL TAKE ABOUT TWO NIGHTS TO RUN THE OIL LINE UNDER HIS LAND!

YOU PAY HIM A VISIT TOMORROW AFTERNOON!

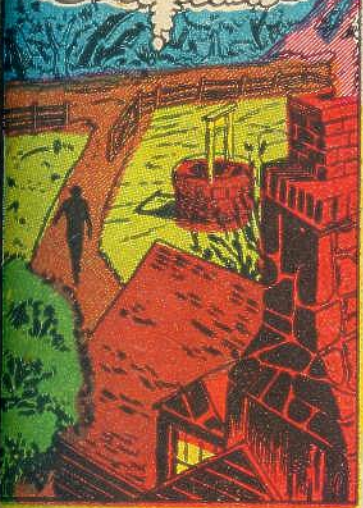


YOU TWO START WORKING NOW. DON'T USE ANY LIGHTS. I AM GOING BACK TO TOWN!

I BET RITTE FALLS FOR IT THE WAY THE OTHER SUCKER BIT!



HOPE RITTE'S WIFE ISN'T ONE OF THOSE DISTRUSTING WOMEN WHO HATE CITY FOLKS!



I AM JACK WOOD OF THE NORTH REALTY INVESTMENT COMPANY!

SORRY, YOUNG MAN... I DON'T WANT TO BUY ANY LAND. GOT ENOUGH, AND NO INVESTMENTS FOR ME!



I THINK YOU HAVE MISUNDERSTOOD WHY I'M HERE. MY COMPANY WANTS TO BUY YOUR LAND!

NOT VERY GOOD FARM LAND, MR. WOOD... I WON'T SELL AND STICK YOUR COMPANY!



MY COMPANY IS GOING TO BUILD LOW PRICED HOUSES TO HELP FIGHT THE BAD LIVING CONDITIONS. WE WILL GIVE YOU \$50,000 FOR YOUR LAND!

LAND SAKES ALIVE! COME BACK IN THE HOUSE! I MUST TELL MARTHA!



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THE BORGIA RING CLUE

You go to Police Headquarters and take the elevator to the sixth floor. Then turn to the left and walk down the long corridor until you come to a glass door marked, "Patrick Boyd." Perhaps you are a bit puzzled because there is no title to identify his connection with the Police Department. Officially he is a patrolman assigned to special duty. His job is to put an o.k. on a case before it is stored in the "Dead File." The boys call Pat "Patience" behind his back, because when a case seems one that can't be solved, he tackles it and generally gets result.

Just then a thin young man wearing horn rimmed glasses was studying the sheets in a folder on his desk. The name on the folder read "Ribman, Joseph." There was a knock on his door and he merely said without moving his head, "Come on in." Patrolman Gilbert Daly made the announcement, "Mrs. Mary Ribman to see you." Patrick Boyd arose from behind his desk and greeted a middle-aged, gray-haired woman whose eyes had evidently wept very much. "Sit down next to my desk and tell me the story."

"Again?" she said with a bit of hopelessness in her low voice. "Again" repeated the officer. "I know you must be tired of telling your story. But there may be something you have overlooked in your previous versions."

Mrs. Ribman sighed and there was just a trace of a tear in her right eye. "Almost one year ago, my only son, Joseph, left home at 7:30 in the evening. He was going to see Catherine Burns, a girl he liked, who lived on the other side of the river. Two hours later his body was found on the lower level of the ferry landing behind a storage bin. Some person had hit him with a heavy object. His wallet, watch, and small change were missing as well as a solid gold ring he wore on his right hand. The police have told me they can't find the killer. It doesn't seem right to me that the murderer of my son should go unpunished. Can you help me?"

"Not unless you can give me some other information that will help us find the killer,"

replied Patrick Boyd. "Everything you have told me I know from the file on the case. We questioned the ticket sellers on both sides of the river. Probably your son never left this side of the river. He must have gone down to the lower level to take a smoke and was killed by an unknown thug."

Mrs. Ribman hesitated before speaking. She opened her purse and placed upon the desk a picture of a cameo ring. "Maybe this will help you a bit," she pleaded. "When my son died I locked up his room. I wanted things there to be just as they were before he left me that evening. However, last night I went up to his room and searched for my cameo ring. It was given to me by my late husband. He had it made in Italy. The face on the ring is my face when I was just eighteen. If you push the right eye the cameo opens and you will find my husband's name, 'Robert Ribman,' engraved in gold. It is called a Borgia ring because the legend says that the Borgias stored poison in this ring, then opened it and dropped the poison into a glass of wine to kill some one in their way. I gave it to my son as a gift two years ago and said he should give it to his wife as a present when he was married. He sort of liked Catherine Burns but nothing serious. The police questioned her at the time of my son's death. But she said she did not see him that evening."

Patrick Boyd looked at the design of the ring with keen interest. "Let's go and pay Miss Catherine Burns a visit and ask her if she ever saw this ring. Then I'll have photographs made of it and sent to every pawnshop, second hand store and jewelry shop in town. This bit of information you have given me may lead to the killer — whoever he or she may be."

Catherine Burns was tired that evening and didn't want to be bothered. Red-headed and freckled, she had a temper that would start to blaze in a second, without any warning. The bell rang six times. "Hold your horses," she yelled. "I'll come when I am good and ready." She asked who was at the door and refused to open

it when the voice answered, "Mrs. Ribman." Then Boyd took charge of things. "The police," he announced, "And you better open it at once." Catherine took the chain off the door and they both entered. "Can't you let me alone?" she snarled. "I thought this was all a thing of the past."

Mrs. Ribman grabbed Patrick Boyd's arm. "Look," she yelled, "Right on her finger is my ring. She lied to the police. She must have seen my son before he was killed. You know it's my ring. Only one like it in the world."

Catherine's face turned a sickly white. "This is my ring. I don't know what you are talking about." Then she sat down on a chair as though she expected more developments to take place.

"Any objections if we see the ring?" demanded the police officer. Slowly and deliberately the girl took the ring off her finger and handed it to Mrs. Ribman. She pushed the ring eye on the cameo and it opened. Then she handed the ring to Patrick, who read aloud the name engraved inside, "Robert Ribman."

Catherine started to sway in the chair as the terrible significance of the ring began to dawn upon her. She almost choked but managed to get the words past her lips. "I swear I didn't see your son that night, Mrs. Ribman. He didn't give me the ring."

"The person who killed Joseph took that ring in addition to other valuable things. Unless you can name the person who gave it to you, I shall have to take you down to Police Headquarters and hold you on suspicion of murder," said the police officer.

You could see by her face that she was trying to think of what to say. Finally she said, "I am keeping company with a man by the name of Oscar Ficco. He works in a gasoline station on Madison and Kemper Streets. He gave me the ring three weeks ago as a friendship token."

"I think it best if we all go and pay this Oscar Ficco a visit together," suggested Patrick. "He may deny your story or he may tell us where he got the ring. My car is outside and the sooner we start, the better."

Oscar Ficco was a man about 35 or 36 at the most, heavy in frame with brown hair and a small moustache. He had just finished selling gasoline to a customer when he saw Catherine and her two companions. "Where can we talk about something serious?" she asked.

They followed Ficco into a small office. Patrick told him about the ring. Ficco's two small pale blue eyes almost popped out of his head as the ring was opened before him. "I

guess it means that the fellow who passed this ring on is the killer," he agreed. "You better arrest me now and get it over with." But the police officer did not take out his handcuffs.

"Did you shoot Joseph Ribman or stab him?" he inquired. Oscar Ficco had to do some quick thinking. A shot would be heard so the best answer had to be, "I stabbed him with my knife."

The officer was unimpressed. "He wasn't shot or stabbed. So you must be protecting someone. Ever think that the person you want to protect might be innocent?" Ficco pondered seriously over that possibility. "Come on home with me. We got to talk to my kid brother Martin. He gave me the ring."

Martin was watering the lawn outside a small frame house on Cooper Avenue when a car with four people pulled up to the curb. He spotted his brother. "What brings you home so early?"

Inside the house Oscar Ficco told his brother the entire story. Martin stroked his chin before answering. "I got that ring about two weeks after they found Ribman murdered," he said. "Fellow by name of Lou Kumble owed me some money. He offered me the ring and I took it in settlement of the debt. Figured I couldn't ever get any cash out of that fellow. I put the ring away. When my brother said he wanted a friendship ring for Catherine I gave it to him as a present. Lou Kumble works in a vegetable store two blocks from here."

Patrick Boyd peered into the glass window. "Is that Lou Kumble?" he asked of Martin Ficco. "Yes" was the one-word reply. "Funny he should use that name," said the police officer. "I've seen him on the line-up as Tom Steinway. I'm going in alone."

A thick bull-necked man looked at the young man with the eye-glasses. "No more sales tonight," he announced. "Closing up the store."

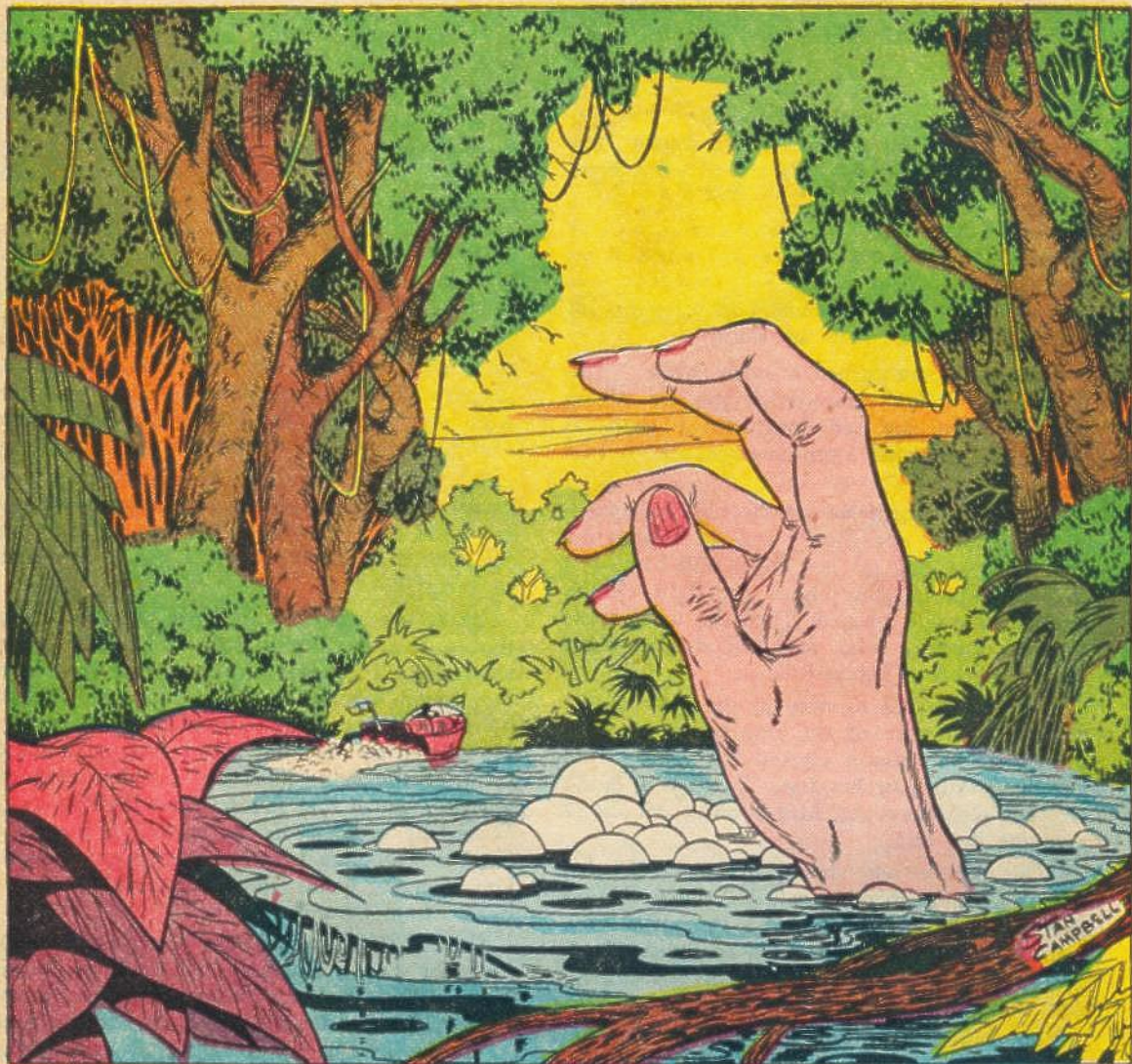
"Before you close the store, just tell me why you killed a man at the ferry slip." There was a knife handy and Tom Steinway went for it but never made it. His body was sent to the wall and before he recovered he had the cuffs on his hands.

Mrs. Ribman sat in that office facing the quiet man at the desk. "They electrocuted my son's murderer last night," she announced. "He had no choice but to confess to the hold-up and robbery with that ring as evidence. What shall I do with the ring?"

"I would suggest," ventured Patrick Boyd, "that you give it to Catherine as a wedding present when she marries Mr. Ficco."

THE END

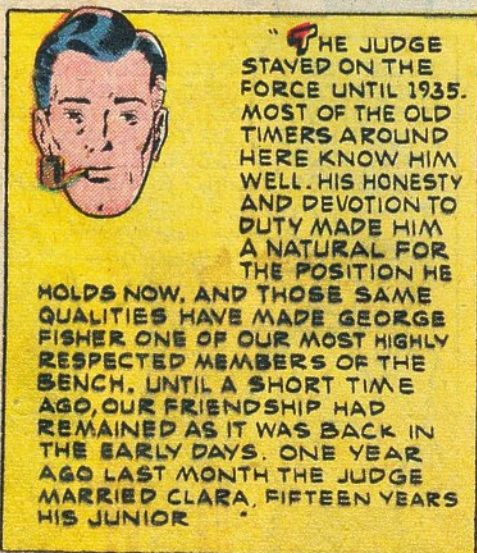
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"I'M CAPTAIN SCOTT OF HOMICIDE, CITY DIVISION. BEEN ON THE FORCE FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS NOW, AND IF I SAY IT MYSELF, I HAVEN'T MUFFED MANY OF THE CASES THAT HAVE COME MY WAY. BUT THE ONE I HAVE IN MIND I FUMBLER BECAUSE OF ONE SMALL OVERSIGHT. THIS CASE ACTUALLY SOLVED ITSELF ... I JUST WENT ALONG FOR THE RIDE. AND WHEN I THOUGHT I FINALLY KNEW THE ANSWER ... WELL, YOU JUDGE FOR YOURSELF HOW FAR OFF BASE I WAS TO BELIEVE WHAT I DID. OUR FILES NUMBER THIS CASE AS "F-1007"... BUT I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF IT AS A ..."

BUILDUP TO MURDER

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"I GUESS THE REAL STORY STARTED LAST MONTH. IT WAS THE JUDGE'S FIRST WEDDING ANNIVERSARY..."



HELLO, GEORGE. LOOKS LIKE CHRISTMAS AROUND HERE!

IT'S WONDERFUL HOW MANY OF THE BOYS IN THE DEPARTMENT REMEMBERED ME, SCOTTY.

WELL, I BROUGHT A LITTLE SOMETHING MYSELF. SAY... IS THAT BOX TICKING, OR AM I HEARING THINGS?

I'VE NOTICED IT, TOO. I WAS JUST GOING TO OPEN IT. CLOCK, I GUESS.



"THE BOX JUST DIDN'T LOOK RIGHT TO ME. THERE WAS NO CARD VISIBLE, AND IT WAS TOO BIG FOR AN ORDINARY CLOCK. MAYBE I'M JUST NATURALLY SUSPICIOUS.... OR MAYBE IT'S THE COP IN ME."

SARGE DAWSON? GET THE BOMB SQUAD OUT TO JUDGE FISHER'S! ON THE TRIPLE!

BUT, SCOTTY, IS THIS NECESSARY? I MEAN, WHO WOULD..

"I DIDN'T STOP TO ARGUE THE POINT. I TOOK THE BOX AND MADE FOR THE GARAGE."



NOW - GET AWAY FROM IT TILL THE SQUAD GETS H...



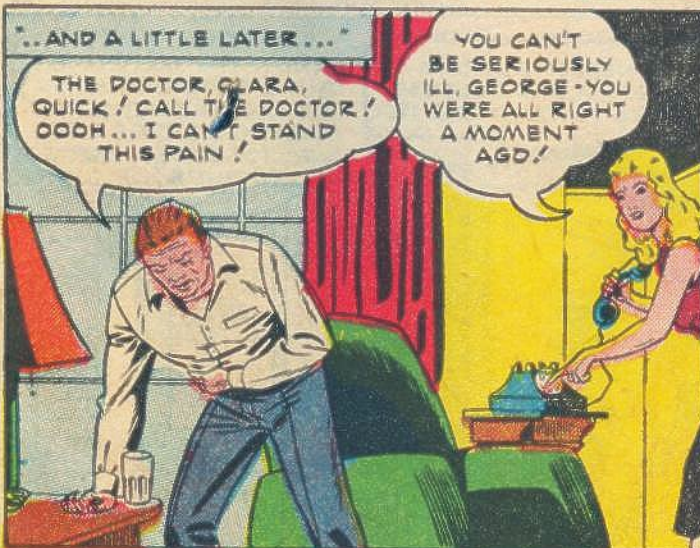
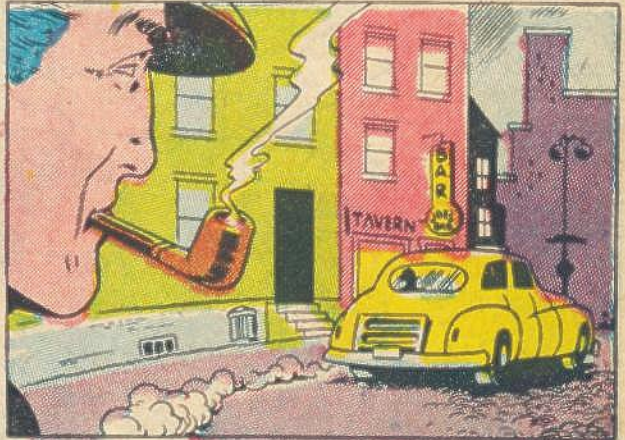
I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, SCOTTY! I DON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF ENEMIES!

PROBABLY ONE OF THE MEN YOU'VE SENTENCED UP THE ROAD, GEORGE. YOU'VE PUT SOME TOUGH BABIES AWAY, YOU KNOW.

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"BEAUTY SHOP? ON HER FIRST ANNIVERSARY? BUT, THEN, IT'S LIKE I SAID BEFORE... NOT MY BUSINESS..."



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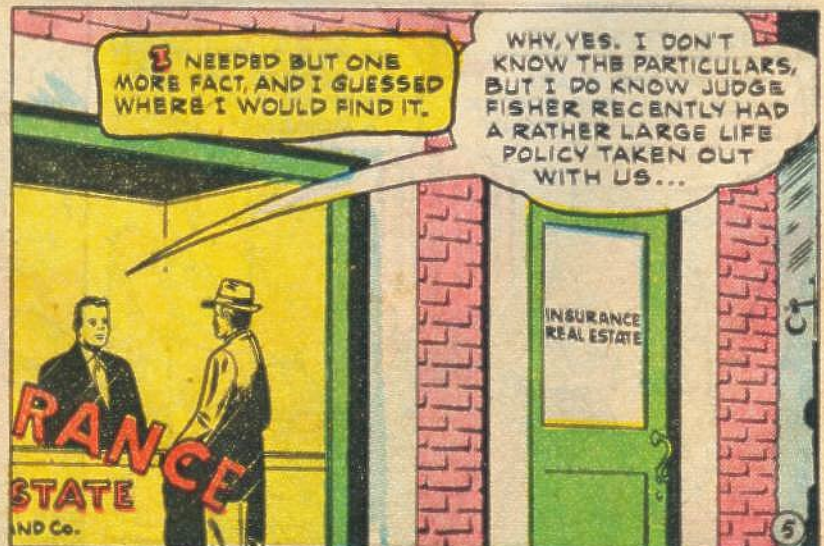


"I THOUGHT I HAD BEGUN TO UNDERSTAND. I TOOK THE JOB OF WATCHING THE FISHERS MYSELF - BUT INSTEAD OF GEORGE, I CONCENTRATED ON CLARA! AND I DISCOVERED SOME INTERESTING FACTS. FIRST, CLARA HAD A BOY FRIEND...AND WAS SEEING HIM REGULARLY..."

"NEXT, I DID A LITTLE DIGGING INTO CLARA'S LIFE BEFORE SHE MARRIED GEORGE..."



"SO NOW I KNEW THAT CLARA HAD PROBABLY LEARNED ENOUGH IN HER JOB AT THE WAR PLANT TO BE CAPABLE OF ASSEMBLING THE TIME BOMB SENT TO GEORGE. I RECALLED HER ABSENCE FROM THE HOUSE THAT DAY, HER ANNIVERSARY. I WAS PERSONALLY ACQUAINTED WITH THE FACT THAT SHE WAS WORKING IN A DRUG STORE WHEN GEORGE MET HER... THEREFORE SHE MUST HAVE HAD SOME KNOWLEDGE OF POISONS.



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"MY CASE WAS COMPLETE. CLARA HAD THE BACKGROUND, OPPORTUNITY, AND PLENTY OF MOTIVE, WITH WHAT I NOW KNEW, IT ALL WAS SO OBVIOUS! SO WHEN GEORGE CAME TO SEE ME I TOLD HIM EVERYTHING THAT WAS ON MY MIND..."

I'M SURE YOU'RE WRONG, SCOTTY. I'M SURE OF IT! CLARA IS YOUNGER THAN I AM, BUT SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN A DEVOTED WIFE!

THEN I HAVEN'T CONVINCED YOU, GEORGE?



NO, SCOTTY, AND DON'T TRY TO ANY MORE! AS OLD A FRIEND AS YOU ARE, I MUST SAY I RESENT ALL THIS STRONGLY. WHEN I RETURN FROM MY VACATION I'M SURE YOU'LL SEE IT ALL DIFFERENTLY!

YOU'RE GOING ON VACATION?



YES, FLORIDA FOR TWO WEEKS. SO LONG, SCOTTY.



"GEORGE AND CLARA LEFT THE FOLLOWING DAY."

THIS IS WONDERFUL, GEORGE! I WISH IT WOULD NEVER END.

YOU KNOW, I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT THE EVERGLADES... I WANT TO SEE THEM FOR MYSELF. LET'S TAKE A BOAT TOMORROW AND EXPLORE THEM. JUST THE TWO OF US.

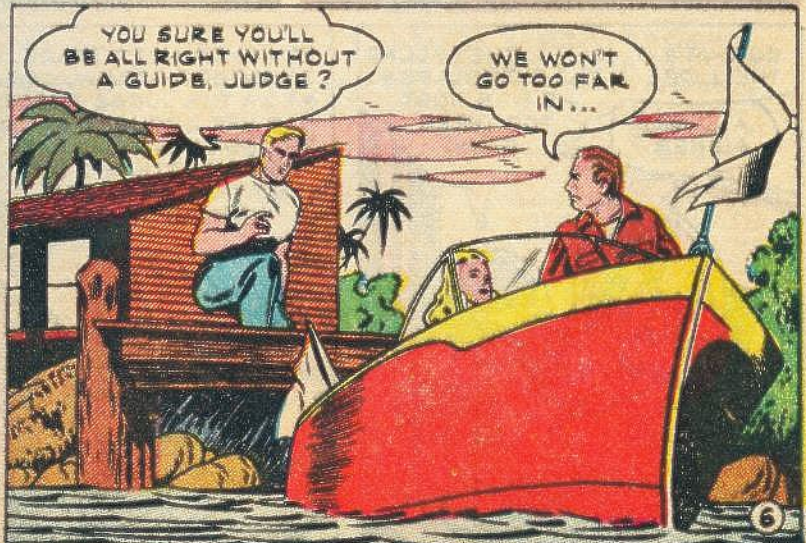


THE EVERGLADES? BY ALL MEANS, GEORGE! IT SOUNDS LIKE FUN.

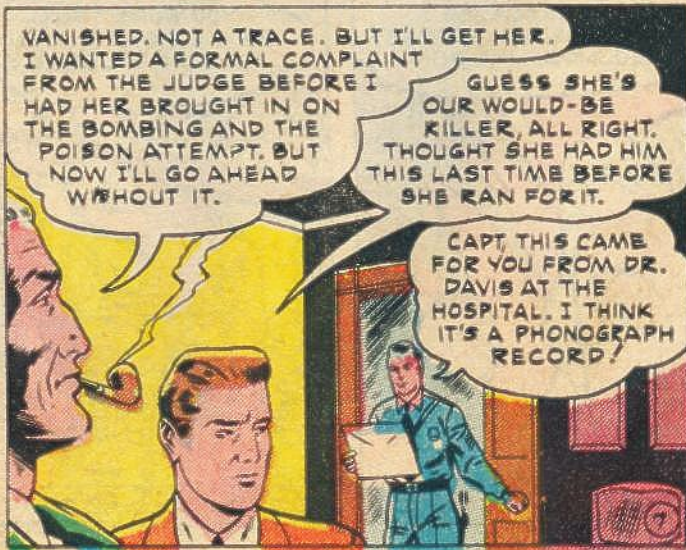


YOU SURE YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT WITHOUT A GUIDE, JUDGE?

WE WON'T GO TOO FAR IN...



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE

RADIO PATROL

IN
A
DASH
OF
DEATH™



BARRY STORM AND TEX CARRON OF THE NEW YORK RADIO PATROL WERE DETERMINED TO SOLVE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF CERTAIN BIG SHOT GAMBLERS AND THEIR ACCOMPLICES WHO WERE TO BE STAR WITNESSES IN THE CRIME HEARINGS... SO WHEN THE CASE CALLED FOR A FLYING TACKLE TO BRING THE CRIMINALS TO JUSTICE, BARRY AND TEX WERE TOO PRESSED FOR TIME TO CALL ON THE POLICE AIR ARM FOR SUPPORT...



THOSE GOONS MUST HAVE MORE NERVE THAN BRAINS TO PULL A STUNT LIKE THAT!

AND THEY CAN'T FIND ANY TRACE OF HIM... I'LL GET THE PHONE!



CRIME AND JUSTICE



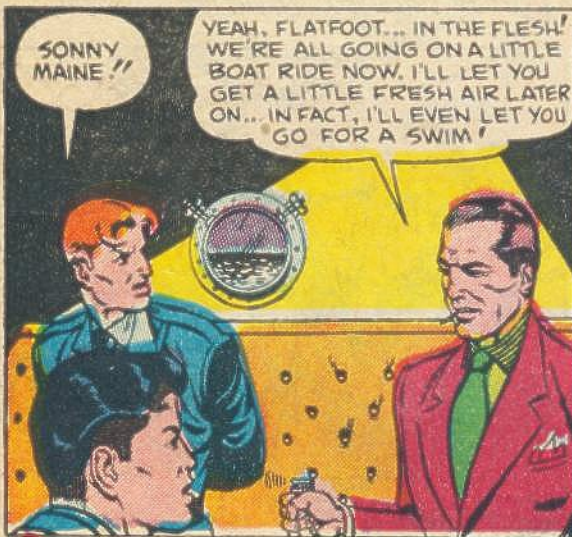
BUT AS BARRY AND TEX STOP FOR A TRAFFIC LIGHT ON THEIR WAY TO SONNY MAINE'S APARTMENT...



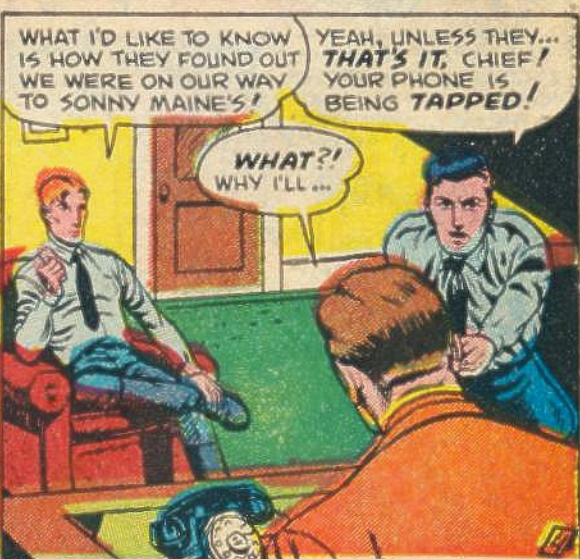
BUT AT THIS VERY MOMENT FROM A NEARBY BLACK SEDAN...



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE



YES... THEY MUST HAVE FOUND OUT OUR DEPARTMENT WAS SPECIALLY DETAILED TO WORK UNDER-COVER WITH THE CRIME COMMISSION!



YES...



A HALF HOUR LATER...

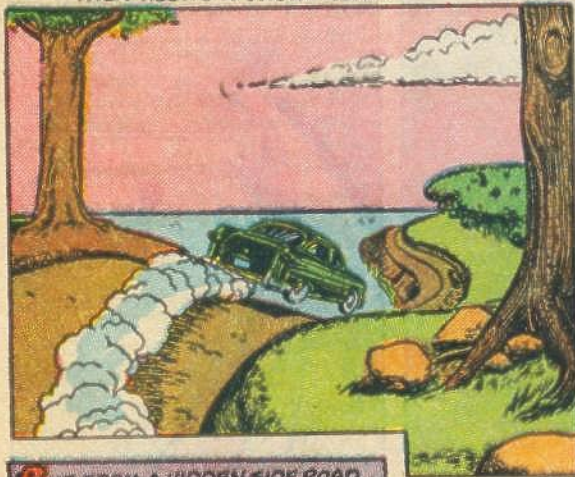


TWO DAYS PASSED UNEVENTFULLY... THEN A BLACK SEDAN PULLED UP IN FRONT OF THE MILITARY ACADEMY...



CRIME AND JUSTICE

THE CHASE WINDS THROUGH HILLS AND VALLEYS,
THEN ALONG A SHORE ROAD...



BUT FROM A HIDDEN SIDE ROAD...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE
DOCK... LOOK OUT FOR THAT
CAR COMING DOWN THE HILL!

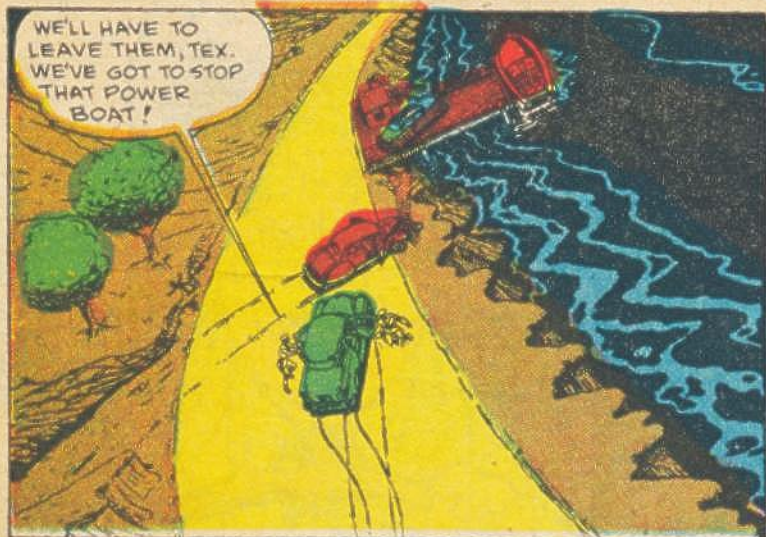


SNIPERS!

THEY RAN TO
THAT DITCH,
BARRY! LET 'EM
HAVE IT!



CRIME AND JUSTICE



LATER...

CARRELLO WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR... WHEN THE BOAT EXPLODED. YOU BOYS DESERVE A DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS FOR THAT STUNT... TAKE A TWO WEEK VACATION TO REST UP!

WE COULD USE IT. AND THANKS FOR CALLING THE POLICE HELICOPTER TO TRACK US!

I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING... THIS IS ONE KIND OF ADVENTURE I WOULDN'T BELIEVE I WOULDN'T BELIEVE EVEN IF I READ IT IN A COMIC BOOK!



The End

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (39 U. S. C. 233)

Of Crime and Justice Comics published bi-monthly at Derby, Connecticut for October, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Ed Levy, Derby, Conn.
Editor, Burton N. Levey, Derby, Conn.
Managing Editor, Burton N. Levey, Derby, Conn.
Business Manager, John Santangelo, Derby, Conn.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholder owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other incorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Law And Order Magazines, Inc., Derby, Conn.
Ed Levy, Derby, Conn.

Hortense R. Levy, Derby, Conn.

John Santangelo, Derby, Conn.

3. The known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 & 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

BURTON N. LEVEY, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of Sept. 1951.
(SEAL) Edward A. Handi
Notary Public

(My commission expires Nov. 16, 1954)

Buy The New

HOT RODS and RACING CARS Comics

At Your Local Newsstand

THRILLING HOT ROD ADVENTURES
IN ALL COMICS FORM

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UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

FELLOWS! GIRLS! Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls In Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates! Because blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! They DON'T look good in close-ups! So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good night!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with that fellow who has blackheads." But you—are YOUR ears burning?

Extract every blackhead with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.



New! SCIENTIFIC VACUUM ACTION!

VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression. VACUTEX creates gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. No painful squeezing! No dangerous

No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury to Skin
Tissues



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

ACTUAL LENGTH 3 1/2"

infection from germ fingers. You'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1 plus postage. Or save postage, enclose \$1. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back.

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 8100
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
 - ☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.
- My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

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If you expect to go into military service, mail coupon NOW. Knowing Radio-TV Electronics can help you add extra rank, extra pay, and an interesting duty assignment. In several times a private's basic pay. You are also prepared for good Radio-TV jobs upon leaving service. IT'S SMART TO TRAIN WITH N. E. I. NOW. Mail Coupon TODAY.

Many students make \$5, \$10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS to show you how to do this. Teaser you build with parts I send helps you service sets. All equipment is yours to keep.

Your next step is a good job installing and servicing Radio-Television sets or becoming boss of your own Radio-Television sales and service shop or getting a good job in a Broadcasting Station. Today there are over 90,000,000 home and auto Radios, 3100 Broadcasting Stations are on the air. Aviation and Police Radio, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio are all expanding, making more and better opportunities for servicing and communication technicians and FCC licensed operators.

And think of the opportunities in Television! In 1950 over 5,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate 25,000,000 Television sets will be in use. Over 100 Television Stations are now operating, with experts predicting 1,000. Now is the time to get in line for success and a bright future in America's fast-growing industry. Be a Radio-Television Technician. Mail coupon for Lesson and Book—FREE.

I TRAINED THESE MEN

[illegible]

100 Years in 100 Days
 Celebrate the 100th anniversary of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) with a special 100-day event. From October 1 to December 31, 1997, NASA will be celebrating its 100th anniversary. The event will feature a variety of activities, including a special 100-day event. For more information, visit the NASA website at www.nasa.gov.

Rate: First Job Through S.E.I.
"My first job was as an intern with E.D.L.S. (Environmental Defense League) for the year Graduate Service Dept. I am now Chief Manager of Police Station WOOD TON, Hamilton, Ont.

YOU BUILD this modern Radio (above) as part of our Reviving Course. Build this complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N.R.I. gives you ALL the Radio parts: speaker, label, chassis, transformer, sockets, plug antenna, EVERYTHING you need. You use material to get practical Radio experience. Make EXTRA money doing neighbors' Radio for them. Use while it lasts!

YOU MEASURE current, voltage (AC, DC and RF), resistance and impedances in circuits with Electronic Multimeter (above right) you build as part of my service in Communications Course.

YOU BUILD this Transmitter (right). As part of the Communications Course, ISESCO VEC parts to build this No-question band-racing transmitter. You learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded of Amateur Station operators, make many practical tests.

YOU BUILD this transmitter (below) in my Communications Course with parts I send you. The kit is designed for frequency of operation and makes other radio transmitter currents. You conduct many interesting experiments.

Your next step is a good job installing a
sion sets or becoming boss of your o
and service shop or getting a good job
Today there are over 90,000,000 hom
Broadcasting Stations are on the air. A

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

And think of the opportunities in 5,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 25,000,000 Television sets will be in use. Millions are now operating, with experts p

I Will Train

and servicing Radio-Television
own Radio-Television sales
in a Broadcasting Station.
ne and auto Radios. 3100
Aviation and Police Radio,
are all expanding, making
ricing and communication
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URE Television! In 1950 over 1,000,000 sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate there will be over 100 Television Stations in every city. Predicting 1,000,000, Now is the bright future in America's television Technician. Mail

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Keep your job while training a dreds I've trained are successful. **TELEVISION TECHNICIAN** no previous experience; many grammar school education. Television principles from 15 lessons. Get **PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE** building valuable Electronic Maintenance tests; also practice diagnosis or operating Transmitters with circuits common to Radio Station. At left is just part of the equipment build with many lots of cash. All equipment is yours to students make \$5, \$10 a week. www.hi-fi.com Radio or TV station.

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20th year

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Both - FREE

How to Be a
Success
1910

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